The Local Noodle

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SGA Taps into Vermont's Migrant Worker Economy

Facing a lack of committee applicants, the SGA has decided to pursue the go-to Vermont solution for any labor shortage: migrant workers. In an all-school email, SGA President Lorri Peyton stated, "As part of our ongoing Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion Initiative, the SGA will be plugging into a previously untapped resource: recently immigrated workers from Central and South America. ¡*Bienvenidos* to Middlebury! The time has come to *trabajo*!"

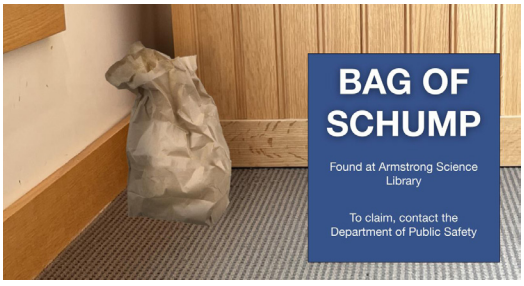
Many committees received an abysmally low, and often unsatisfactory, number of applications. Only one person applied to serve on the Mental Health and Wellness Committee, for example, but upon further deliberation they announced that they had "too much on their plate" to accept the position.

The SGA also assured the student body that the migrant workers would not be taking more sought-after (paid) campus positions, but rather they would be only eligible to work for SGA committees led by try-hard chairs. Operations Committee Co-Chair Front Head Lieutenant Czar Leader General Gretta Jaub urgently exclaimed, "We need liaisons now! ¡*Rápido*! ¡*Rápido*!"

Miguel "The Trab" Ajador, having recently moved to Waterbury from Nuevo, Mexico, met the offer with reluctance. "Quote," he told The Noodle.

Partnering with prominent Vermont non-profit Migrant Justice, newly-formed 'Minutes with Dignity' argued that the SGA is forcing migrant workers to even more despicable working conditions. "How can we allow the SGA to force these migrant workers to send out the weekly updates and have not a single student read them? That cannot be good for their mental health!" prominent EJ major Whit Savier exclaimed.

Minutes with Dignity also questioned how the SGA will be compensating the migrant workers as they transition from their extremely low-paying dairy industry jobs to extremely non-paying SGA positions. SGA President Peyton responded, "Wait, they got paid?"



AD: We found this and feel like it shouldn't be here.

Middlebury Joins Southeastern Athletic Conference

Director of Athletics Fuut Bawl announcing that Middlebury has left the NESCAC for the SEC.

After a chaotic summer in the college sports world, Middlebury College shocked both its students and America by announcing that it will be joining the Southeastern Conference (SEC), leaving the NESCAC, which it has been a member of since 734 B.C. Middlebury will leave New England behind to compete against the likes of Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Bishop Sycamore.

The move was reportedly made by athletics personnel in a closed door meeting late Sunday night, following a record-breaking weekend of panther sports. The traditional parents weekend football game resulted in a victory, success shared by the log rolling club in their annual competition and those four junior guys who won the adult frisbee golf league in town. However, the deciding moment allegedly came when director of athletics, Fuut Bawl, and his colleagues received word of club rugby's 63-0 loss to Babson. "That's fuckin awesome," said Bawl. "Usually it's by at least 100. Has Nick Saban heard about this?"

Some may think an organization called the New England Small College Athletic Conference would be perfect for a small college in New England like Middlebury. But Bawl made it clear that there was more at stake. "Having your stadium look out on mountains is for losers," he said. "I want to look up at a stadium with 80,000 screaming drunk kids when we go 1-9 next year. And hell, if Stanford can call itself an Atlantic Coast school now, who's gonna stop us?"

Some students also complained about problems brought up by the geographic issues involved in the move. All athletic teams will now take chartered planes to their away games, necessitating a significant budget reallocation. In order to pay, the college announced the elimination of marshmallow fluff in Ross, the Energy2028 initiative, and the entirety of the creative writing department.

Noodle Unable to Solve Israel-Palestine Conflict

After spending a restless twenty-four hours in talks, trying to solve the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, the Noodle has officially given up. In a prepared statement, Noodle Public Relations Adviser, Cleut Chaser '24, announced: "To the Middlebury population, and the population of the world: we apologize. We really thought that if we all got together and hammered this thing out once and for all we'd come up with something. We know you were counting on us, and we're sorry to disappoint you."

"When we heard about the escalation of conflict and violence in Israel and along the Gaza Strip, we knew we had to do something," the Noodle's Editor-in-Chief, Meh Funny, told the Noodle early Sunday morning. "Instagram infographic activism just wasn't enough for us. As the leading moral authority of Middlebury College, we knew we needed to weigh in on one of the most complicated geopolitical conflicts of our time with a simple us versus them stratagem. After all, there's no problem too big for a group of nineteen to twenty-two year olds with ample alcohol and no friends!"

Unfortunately, the Noodle's ragtag combination of three English majors, ten undeclared juniors, and one confused Community Friend failed to find a feasible solution in the allotted time. "None of us are great political thinkers," one writer, who asked to remain anonymous, confessed. "That's why we write for a fucking satire magazine. Do you think we would be doing this by choice?"

Meh concluded, "We've decided to hand this one off to the higher-ups – Middlebury Model United Nations, for example. Those nerds have been waiting their whole lives for something like this."

AD: Middlebury's newest small business will get you into bar night underage.

Aspiring Community Friend?
Join us for a 'chocolate milk chat' with Ima Kidd '40.5
Learn how she broke into the industry
Discuss future networking opportunities
Integrate the liberal arts with blocking the drink dispenser at Proc

AD: Handshake is now offering networking opportunities for local children curious about a career in Community Friendship.

Longhouse Builders 0 for 3 Following Destruction of Architecture and the Environment Final Project

Builders of longhouses were foiled once again on Tuesday when zoning laws prompted a legion of bulldozers to violently tear down the final project of HARC 0231: Architecture and the Environment.

"This sucks," Professor Leafy, advisor to multiple Architecture and the Environment joint majors, shouted over the sound of tree bark crashing to the ground. "In seeking to pay tribute to Iroquois longhouse-builders, and learn from their seamless combination of architecture and the environment, we seem to have inherited their fate. Much as Iroquois longhouses were destroyed by settler colonialists barely two centuries ago, our longhouse was smashed by a wrecking ball because it 'interrupted the flow of traffic' on Route 7."

"This is just like when European longhouse builders were driven from their homes at the end of the Neolithic Period," May Collapse, an architecture student from Westchester, New York, lamented. "Like those oppressed peoples, I feel the immense pain of seeing my lineage destroyed and my history erased. Why must all longhouse builders suffer so – and in equal measure?"

"I'm basically Abenaki now," added Wire Do, another member of the class. "Oh wait, the Abenaki didn't build longhouses? Oh well."

How'd That Happen? Lady Statue's Feet Smoothed to Golden Nubs in Week's Time

Middlebury's most recent erection of a well-fed nude statue has sparked controversy between the student body and the art world. The phenomenon of rubbing statues for luck and revealing a golden hue has found its way to Middlebury's lady statue, but suspicions have been raised about the location of the case: the women's feet. The naked statue has rubbed some community members the wrong way, but the community is certainly rubbing back.

"There is a fine line between tradition and destruction," says Pubsafe officer Job Foote, "I mean, the statue barely even has feet anymore. It was installed two weeks ago."

The art department especially has been offended by the so-called "de-foot-ment" of the statue. They have even gone as far as to request the artist return to campus to complete a foot transplant. These new feet would be placed in a plexiglass box, impenetrable to students.

In response, certain members of the Middlebury community have been outraged by the administration limiting their relationship with art, no matter how physical that relationship might be.

"I think that the college's apparent purpose of stimulating students' connection to art could not have been better fulfilled," says Toeseph Heelson '26. "Can I not appreciate her curvy beauty? I just wanted to know how many licks it'd take to get to the center of those chunky steaks!"

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CASSIE ELISH *Editor-in-Chief*
EMMA TZOTSCHEW *Not Blonde*
CAROLINE HARDING *Lost*
SKY ROBERTS-SALVADOR *Tolerant*
CECE CALDWELL *Bottom*
JACOB COLLIER *Mitch McHunkell*
CESCA MEDEIROS *Antiracist*
OLIVIA CHEN *1-800-HOTLINE-BLING*
LUNA MCNEFF YEE *Philanthropist*
JACK COLGATE *Chop Merchant*
ANDY CAO *Socialite*
OSCAR FLEET *Malcolm XI*
AK PELLETIER *R1B-U106/M3A*
GRIFF CLINTON *Free Palestine*
LUCAS FLEMMING *Hulu Has Live Sports*
SOFIA SUTTER *The Strength of the Hill*
JIM REILY *Cumsultant*
GINGER HANLON *Arts and Crafter*
THEO MCDONOUGH *In the Flesh*
MANDY FOURS *Booted*

Middlebury's only news source. Since 1800.

Parents Weekend Brawl: Moms Fight For Honor of Buying Children Coke

Two mothers battle it out over who gets to buy their precious children cocaine.

In the quiet and serene setting of Middlebury College, Parent's Weekend usually unfolds without incident. However, this past autumn of 2023 saw an astonishing departure from that tradition, as two mothers engaged in an unseemly melee in Two Brothers Tavern, beating the shit out of each other over the esteemed privilege of picking up the check for cocaine after dinner.

As fists flew and Fiddleheads tumbled, the other patrons of the upscale Vermont-inspired bistro and bar stared in shock and disbelief at the dispute over who would have the honor of bankrolling the mid-quality, yet high-priced, nose candy of their child and their friends. These respectable students, in chasing their dreams of personal growth, camaraderie, and perhaps intense stimulation, had unknowingly brought about a battle of wits and wallets between the mothers that were living vicariously through them.

As one survivor, Shea Didit '25, recounted, "It all just happened so fast. At first, we were all just one big happy friend group with our strangely competitive and equally attractive mothers sitting around a table at Two Brothers. But then the question came of who was going to fund our next few lines of clumpy pow–and our mothers seemed to transform! Screaming, fighting, and clawing at each other's throats! I never knew that the desire to be Top Mom could bring with it so much violence and destruction. I only hope that our plight can inform the next generation of Middlebury students hoping to sniff blow under the responsible supervision of their parents."

Op-Ed: Where's My Midd Marriage Pact?

By LOOKING FOR LOVE (SEX)

It has been two years since Middlebury's last Midd Marriage Pact, and for those unaware of the gravity of the current sexual landscape, let me enlighten you: it's a barren wasteland out here. I'm so desperate that I can't stop envisioning the portraits in Axinn as nudes. Staring up at them and letting my imagination run wild inspires the strongest need for coitus that I've ever felt in that austere, dusty building– and that's really saying something, because I took a seminar on domestic terrorism there freshman spring.

Meanwhile, my Tinder is so dry that I've gotten 5 matches in 4 weeks and I'm pretty sure 3 of them are catfishes from quadballers posing as club soccer players. Losers! I messaged them with my best pickup lines, but they were too intimidated to respond. I know those pickup lines work, too, because when I threw them into small talk with Hot Ross Girl, she said, "I don't think we should be friends anymore." Clearly, she wants to be lovers instead! So, there you go!

The truth is, my last situationship cheated on me at the Ultimate Frisbee Initiation Orgy in Bihall. She wasn't even on frisbee! She, like many others before her, was a bystander who succumbed to the temptations of the moonlit waxy, pale flesh and pink plastic disks. I am so fucking horny and it saddens me with each passing day to know that my deficit of sexual interaction lies in the hands of this campus and its shitty dating scene. The marriage pact is our last hope. I'll do anything to replicate the miraculous sex I had with my 97% match two years ago (I'll cherish our memories forever, Jeremy).

It's marriage pact, or bust (haven't done that in months, either).

Opinion: Me Being Dogshit at Sports is Actually Cool

By ATH LETE '24

Me being dogshit at sports is actually awesome and based. When other people suck at the sports they play they're losers, but when I do it, it's based. I'm like a guy in a novel - I'm a real life Bildungsroman character. It's like I'm on a spiritual journey, a journey from being bad at sports to still being bad at sports (but in an awesome, brooding way).

Yes, there are guys on my team who are faster and stronger and smarter than me, but none of them have the angst and pathos that drives me. None of them are liable to be the main characters in a novel written by an odd looking woman with a mannish jaw. They'd be side characters at most – whereas I'd be the protagonist. They don't realize it, but when they're at practice actually getting better, they're at most a sideshow to MY hero's journey of scowling grimly and repeatedly dropping the ball. Never even mind the other guys on my team who suck at the sport - they're just straight up losers. They just don't put in the work, unlike me – I do, but don't get better, because God is testing my strength of character.

The whole world is actually just the setting for a story where I work at something but fail – and gain something better in the process (it remains to be seen what). People don't realize this, but when I'm at the gym struggling to put up 115, the camera zooms in on MY FACE, even when the guy next to me is hitting 2 or 3 plates. It's because me working hard is inherently more noble and interesting than other people doing it. They're just sweats, not great warriors of the spirit like me.

SPECs is Perplexed

MCCULLOUGH LAWN - as clubs began to set up their tables and look for new members, The Noodle gained exclusive access to an interview with Middlebury SPECS leaders. Asked about their concerns about Middlebury culture, President Cherri Unpopped '24 asserted (as she put condoms on her forearms like gloves) that "Students deserve to feel unafraid. That's why we run a workshop where they can roofie themselves from the safety of McCullough, so they know what to expect!"

A main goal of SPECs is spreading accurate information on sexual wellness, says Unpopped, "which is why we've been spreading pubic lice to everyone who attends our workshops! There's no better way to learn than through experience, and man, do those critters jump fast. At this rate, we're gonna spread first-hand STD knowledge to every nether region on campus!"

One student at the fair made some comments in passing during the interview, suggesting, "Why don't you talk to the greatest perpetrators of sexual assault - men?" Members of the club looked at each other in total confidence and responded, "That shouldn't be an issue anymore, now that we've posted an infographic on what consent means."

The group also was asked about the ways in which parties perpetuate this culture. This question elicited only nervous and telling glances between members, none of whom could articulate an answer. Nervously tugging at the condoms on her fingers, co-president Ima Sherm '25 asked to end the interview, but not without first piping in with an advertisement for Sexy Bingo – "We may not know how to do anything about rape culture, but my god, do we know how to make a nursing home favorite be filled with dildos!"